

HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

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EDITOR

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FRIDAY

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RIVAL CLAIMANTS FOR PANAMA FAIR.

While New York refuses to become excited over the prospect of a proposed exposition in 1913—one member of a committee appointed to consider the matter seeing no practical or permanent benefit in it, except that "it would be a good thing for our school children"—two sister cities are just now suffering from a particularly acute attack of World's Fair fever, the Literary Digest summarizing the fight between West and South in its latest issue. San Francisco and New Orleans are engaged in a spirited rivalry for the privilege of holding the Panama Canal Exposition in 1915, it says. It's a hard fight, says the San Francisco Post, "but the game is certainly worth the candle." And the New Orleans Picayune answers: "Our city and State are in the fray to stay, and they are going to fight it to a finish!" Both cities, it seems, have been looking forward to the completion of the Canal, and planning for the great exposition that is to celebrate it in 1915, a year which happens also to be the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean. Each city has been making strenuous efforts to be designated by the federal government as the official site of the fair. But the house committee on foreign affairs, which first had the matter in charge, was unwilling to come out in favor of either city. So two resolutions were finally reported, authorizing the President to invite foreign nations to participate in an exposition as soon as the city named—San Francisco in one resolution, New Orleans in the other—shall raise \$7,500,000 for that purpose.

In this action both cities seem to find encouragement, although both regret that a final decision is not likely to be made before the next session of congress. San Francisco papers point to the raising of \$8,000,000 by popular subscription as showing that their city has "already earned the right to the fair." But, according to Representative Estepinal, of Louisiana, New Orleans has subscribed \$6,000,000, and Governor Sanders declares that the State will surely raise the full amount. The New Orleans supporters take some comfort, too, in the fact that the exposition resolutions will now go before the house committee on industrial arts and expositions, many of whose members come from the Middle West and are expected to favor the Crescent City. Some of the arguments made for San Francisco The Chronicle sums up as follows:

It thought of the fair first; California did more than all the Gulf States put together to make the Panama Canal possible; San Francisco, having lost \$500,000,000 by fire, and spending \$200,000,000 in rehabilitation, deserves all the help an exposition can give; it has more accommodations and a better climate to offer fair visitors than the San Francisco papers call attention to the fair held at New Orleans in 1884, which was a financial failure, a large government loan being still unpaid. The Call reminds its readers of San Francisco's natural advantages—

What sane person would assume to compare New Orleans' hundred-mile inland river waterfront with San Francisco Bay, admittedly the greatest landlocked harbor in the world? The New Orleans boosters had not the hardihood to go that far, but they did have the assurance to insist that they had a port that could accommodate the shipping of the world. So it could—if the ships of the world were flat-bottomed scows not exceeding seven feet draft and if the New Orleans harbor confines included all of the Mississippi River channel north St. Louis.

This paper's assertion that "New Orleans is notoriously a dilapidated city, unkempt and insanitary, with an abominable climate," is echoed by The Chronicle, which adduces many "strong meteorological reasons" why San Francisco and not New Orleans should be chosen for the fair. It presents a table showing how much hotter it is in New Orleans during the summer. "If New Orleans gets the fair, the first thing she should build is a sunstroke hospital." Then we are solemnly told of the danger of yellow fever, and The Chronicle hints, too, of more dark perils lurking in the New Orleans water supply.

All this is "false, scurrilous, foul-mouthed billingsgate," retorts the New Orleans Picayune. There has been "no yellow fever here since 1905," but the bubonic plague is a "constant menace at San Francisco." The Natchez Democrat and Courier speaks up for its neighbor city. Visitors to the World's Panama Exposition will find, if it is held in New Orleans, that that city has recently installed "the finest water-works system that can be found in the United States"; moreover, "they can retire at midnight with the thought that the next morning will find them safe in bed. In San Francisco it is different." New Orleans.

LIQUOR VS. HEALTH.

We are spending millions of dollars for the purpose of education, says the Physical Culture Magazine. We are trying to develop a superior citizenship in our supercilious way and yet when we find a public school, we find that a saloon is not far away. In the public schools we go through the process of developing our citizens, of building strength of body and mind that is so essential to good citizenship, and in the nearby saloons we proceed to demolish and demoralize the very characteristics for which we have paid such a price. And, worst of all, the saloon helps to pay the taxes. The saloon is licensed by the same government that erects and maintains the public schools. "The very money paid by saloons as taxes is often used to build and maintain public schools. What a paradox! What an amazing situation, the saloon helping to develop citizens that it may add to its coffers the financial rewards that come to it as the result of the moral and physical degradation, the misery and ruin and death of its patrons.

There are elections this spring in many communities and I would like to shout from the housetops in tones that would reverberate in every home throughout this entire land, that the saloon is a step toward degeneracy; that it brings one a step nearer the great wide thoroughfare that leads to failure, hopelessness, despair and crime.

The saloon must go from every decent, civilized community. Even the drunkard will demand this in his intelligent moments. Even the temperance drinker will demand it when he sees the revolting results of its degrading influence. Dragging men downward to sin and shame is the business of the saloons. The saloon cares not for manhood or womanhood. It has but one greedy object, that is the making of money. If this money is made at the price of human souls, if it causes bleary eyes, half-paralyzed senses, the maudlin incoherencies that come with drunken speech, what cares the saloon? It has been paid for the drink that has stupefied the senses and doped the nerves.

Is the saloon a respectable business? Can the direct representative of the devil be engaged in business that is respectable? Is business that works for the degeneracy of mankind respectable? The saloon should go. It should go quickly. It should be banished from every enlightened community. It is in partnership with the brothel. It is the stamping ground of crime and criminals. How long shall this festering upon human civilization be allowed to pour forth its foul poison? Get together physical culturists. Line up every human creature who is struggling for better and nobler things to stand as a unit against the destructive power of the saloon.

A REGULAR VOLCANO.

Rip Van Winkle, after his long slumber, never woke with a more intense grudge than has the tame rabbit of the Star, who, dragging himself out of the days of the monarchy, emits the following:

The Advertiser's comments this morning upon a short article in behalf of the prohibition cause in yesterday's Star, which voiced a complaint made by a native Hawaiian about the tactics of the anti-prohibitionists, surely go to the limit of insanity and foolish spite. Nothing quite so pointless, silly and ill-natured, or more liable to bring derision upon the advocacy assumed, was ever before produced by a bungling marplot. It is utterly impossible to conceive that such an outbreak of insensate vituperation should be the product of sincerity. The thing is only vicious humbug clumsily expressed.

"Thirty files in three days are able to deposit from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 bacilli," says the American Medical Journal. The only other known thing to equal this record is the number of misrepresentations the Call can make in an ordinary edition.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION CANALED.

In only one public address throughout the whole discussion of prohibition has Lorrin A. Thurston ever mentioned "government by commission." That was at a meeting of the merchants' association, when he addressed the members in favor of the federal suppression of the Hawaiian liquor traffic. His words on that occasion, as reported in The Advertiser, were:

"Do we want government by commission? I certainly don't."
The Bulletin had a reporter at that meeting and in that paper's account of the address made by Mr. Thurston it quotes him as saying:

"I don't want government by commission."
This is the only public utterance by Mr. Thurston on the government by commission matter, yet, throwing all thought of honesty or fairness to the wind, the liquor sellers' organ day after day refers to Mr. Thurston as an advocate of government by commission, and to The Advertiser as the government by commission organ, referring always to the commission government wherein those under its jurisdiction are disfranchised.

It would be honoring the Bulletin to denounce its utterances as lies, and it would be presupposing some latent sense of decency to ask it to furnish some proof of its frequent assertions. We can only take that journal as we find it and for the benefit of those who may have placed some credence in it offer to apologize to our readers if the Bulletin can show one instance in which this paper has ever editorially advocated government by commission for Hawaii or name one occasion upon which Mr. Thurston ever advocated, by word or deed, the placing of this Territory under any system of government wherein any of the rights now enjoyed by the electorate would be abridged.

If the Bulletin does not care to give the space for a justification of itself, The Advertiser will pay for what may be used, at the usual Bulletin editorial advertising rates.

The Star appears to be astonished that the liquor sellers are attempting to deceive the Hawaiians regarding the question to be settled on Tuesday next in the plebiscite. What does the Star suppose the liquor sellers have been doing all through the campaign? Is not the Bulletin on the Star's exchange list? We know, of course, that a prohibition plebiscite has never been taken in Hawaii before and must consequently be approached by the Star with great care and caution, with the same circumspection as a supervisor would approach any suggestion that cleanliness is next to godliness and applies to city fathers as well as city streets, but during the past thirty or forty years the Star must have noticed that the liquor sellers, in questions affecting their business, are inclined to be, to put it mildly in a Star sort of way, not overly frank. Are the liquor sellers trying to deceive the Hawaiians? They certainly are. Do the Hawaiians know it? They certainly do.

The Advertiser yesterday stated that it was an unnecessary thing for the two afternoon papers to collaborate on a faked despatch regarding the yacht race. It is glad to be able to say now that it was right. It was not necessary for the two to fake, the press correspondent at San Pedro, in a special, having done that for them. The cable evidently arrived, some thirty-six hours after the start of the race, telling what had happened seven hours after the start, although the San Pedro reporters of the Los Angeles papers and private letters from Los Angeles told a different story. In this case, therefore, the afternoon papers were not the ones who put up the job; they were simply the victims.

Think of the girls you know in Honolulu who have "gone wrong." Did they begin their downfall from the products of the "respectable" licensed dealers in intoxicants, or did they patronize the blind pigs the liquor sellers are now hiding behind? Think of your own boy. Is he more likely to take his first drink in a saloon, or will he go to the blind pig? Do you ever wonder where the blind pigs that flourish today get their supplies from? Do you not know that it is the "respectable" wholesaler who furnishes it, either directly or indirectly. Vote out the "respectable" part of the booze business and you go far to kill off the blind pigs.

Daniel D. Biddle, of the staff of the Hartford Times, who has written a book of the trip around the world of the S. S. Cleveland, says in his volume: "One of the most lively and most able newspapers which I read in the course of the voyage is published in Honolulu, the Pacific Advertiser, a sheet which is especially successful in the use of cuts. I spent a pleasant half hour in its office and learned a number of points about the city. The city has two other daily papers which are printed in English."

If the idea should gain ground that good fellows instead of good shots are being taken to Camp Perry, there will be less unanimity after this in granting vacations under pay for the touring riflemen.

It was quite an unnecessary thing for the two afternoon papers to collaborate on a faked cablegram regarding the bealming of the yacht Hawaii in the lee of Catalina Island.

Before the allegation may be made, we hasten to explain that the prohibition committee of one hundred did not have any part in importing those snakes from the Colonies.

Disgrace comes not from standing alone, but from being on the wrong side. Prohibitionists will remember that on Tuesday.

If you are right you cannot be too radical; if wrong, you cannot be too conservative.

In regard to Grace, the high sheriff believes that while there's life there's hope.

TOASTED SAILOR PRINCE
BEFORE HAWAII'S MAST

Two princesses were the guests of honor at a poi supper given Wednesday evening by John Colburn at the Colburn home on Kinohi street, Princess Kawannakoa and Princess Kalaniana'ole dividing honors, and in addition Mr. and Mrs. Scheeline were also honor guests. It was an elaborate function replete with the daintiest and most attractive of the Hawaiian delicacies that could be brought from mountains, plains and sea. The grounds were illuminated with lanterns.

The table was laid beneath the Bougainvillea arbor. The decorations were red carnations, the central piece being an Italian vase filled with the same flowers which towered almost to the brilliant red bougainvillea blossoms.

In Mr. Colburn's toast to the princesses he also added another to "The Absent One, the Sailor Prince before the mast." Prince Kalaniana'ole, who is coming from California on the yacht Hawaii. Judge Andrade also gave a graceful toast to the princesses. Made-moiselle Dreyfus of Paris, who is the guest of Captain and Mrs. Marx, and is said to be related to the famous prisoner of Devil's Island, offered a toast to the guests of honor, her remarks being witty and bringing a salvo of applause. Other guests were Mayors Fern, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Taylor, Carlos Long, Ella Long, Mrs. Ashford, John Colburn III.

AUTOMOBILES ESTABLISH
NEW CLASS RECORDS

INDIANAPOLIS, July 6.—New class records were established for 20, 50, 100, 150 and 200 miles here Monday when Dawson in his Marmon car won the Cobe trophy in a hard fought contest in 2 hours, 43 minutes and 20.10 seconds.

Arthur Chevrolet led at 100 miles and Burman at 150 miles, but Dawson took the lead toward the finish and won in splendid style. Burman, driving the Buick "Bug," finished second, and Harroun, in a Marmon, third, Grant

driving his Vanderbilt cup winning Alco, finishing fourth.

The 200-mile Cobe trophy race necessitated some tire changing, but very little under the adverse conditions. The old and new records follow:

Old hundred-mile made by Robertson at Atlanta, time 1h. 22m. 35.35s. A. Chevrolet's new record, 1h. 22m. 10.9.

Old hundred and fifty mile record made by Robertson at Atlanta, time, 2h. 5m. 00.6s. New record made Monday by Burman, time, 2h. 1m. 54.2s.

Old two hundred mile record made by Disbrow at Atlanta, winning the Atlanta trophy, time, 2h. 53m. 41s. Dawson's new record is 2h. 43m. 20s. The summary:

Event 2, stock, 1400 pounds minimum, 10 miles—1, Buick, L. Chevrolet; time, 9m. 12.2s; 2, Buick, Burman; 3, "E. M. E." H. Endicott.

Dawson and Harrison have been entered by the Marmon team manager for the grand prize race, to be held at New York, October 15.

WHY NOT "REGULATE" SNAKES.

Editor Advertiser:—Kindly tell me just why those five snakes, illustrated in this morning's Advertiser were killed. Was it not an infringement of the owner's "personal liberty" and "rights of an American citizen" to his property? Of course, we all know that snakes are poisonous but, no doubt, he could give assurance that he would be able to "regulate" them and that they would be harmless in proper hands, that a person had a "perfect right" to have snakes if he wished even if they did kill a person occasionally. I presume if they were of another species called "Booze," there would be a number of people and members of the ministry who would rush to their rescue. Personally, I think the authorities were a little too hasty—the future of those snakes should have been incorporated in next Tuesday's plebiscite and the Call given a chance to turn snake-charmer.

MAIATINI.

The Island of Kahoolawe, which is at present under lease to Eben Low, has been set aside by the bureau of agriculture and forestry for a forest reserve, and an effort will be made to transform it from a barren into a productive island. Low's lease runs out in 1913.

SIDELIGHTS

GOOD-BYE, GIRLS.

Let us shed copious tears. In the course of a few weeks the telephone girl will be gone. No longer will we hear, "Line busy." No longer will we catch stray phrases indicative of jealousies and heartburnings while waiting to order our meat or groceries. Lonely will we be without the perennial assurance that our friend's line is "out of order." The telephone girl will be out of commission. Our sex will probably be the only sufferers, for the men must have some one to swear at, and the profanity expended on the girls may be our heritage.

But the operation of the new system will for a while be interesting to watch. A machine was left at my house the other day and my boy and I have been practising on it. It is comparatively easy when you know how. It has something attached to it, or part of it, which looks like the face of an Ingersoll watch and likewise like a miniature roulette wheel and all you have to do is to touch the figures, one at a time, and pull to the right. By some method which the boy explained, but which I can not, your connection is obtained, and you may gossip as long as you please.

I do not quite like one feature of it as far as we are concerned. You can not telephone in the dark, for you must be able to see the numbers on the dial. In these good old days of the girl, rapidly drawing to a close, your telephone might be located any old place in the house, and all you have to do when you want to talk—should central permit you so to do under any circumstances—is to take your book to the light, carefully commit the desired number to memory, and then go to your phone and convey your message. This can no longer be done, for you have to see the numbers, and that can not be done in the dark.

But that in which I shall be most interested when the new system is inaugurated will be to watch the Jap and the Chinaman. Truly will it be worth observing. At present there is no trouble. Your servant knows how to ring up his friend or his cousin, for he has learned his number and how to say it. When the girls permit, he makes engagements for afternoons and evenings off without much trouble. But when the automatic is inaugurated there is going to be trouble. Our oriental friends know how to write, say, "Seven-one-eight," and can do it very nicely. Nevertheless, in writing it in their own language you may safely wager that the eight, which according to our crude system of handling things comes last, will be with them first, and the seven last.

And until they get a line on things, and have their printing offices turn out explanatory circulars, and their newspapers publish instructions, there is going to be pillikia.

The Russians will not use the machine at all. It resembles in appearance too closely a bomb or other infernal machine, which will explode when the disc is revolved. Neither will be the Hindus nor the Koreans, for the apparatus is bright and clean, qualities which with these nationalities are tabu.

But the wires will be underground, and the girls will be paid, so what matters a few slight inconveniences.

PURITY IN MOVING PICTURES.

Through a curiosity simple if not pure I read carefully the accounts of the Johnson-Jeffries scrap in the deserts of Nevada. I learned how the compatriot of Anderson Grace "upper cut" the son of the New England minister. Just what "upper cut" means I don't know and neither do I know just why a son of a minister is in the prize ring. But "upper cut" by a coon he was and the son of a minister he is. There is no escape from these facts.

Whatever "upper cut" may mean it certainly is something effective. My husband says that it is one of the best blows that can be delivered and that Jeffries went out under it. I am accustomed to taking his word without comment or criticism and will rest insofar as the contest is concerned without further remarks.

Pleased, however, am I at the stand taken by Mayor Fern under which edict none of us will be permitted by moving-picture methods to witness the scrap. The blood trickling down the minister's son's face can not be seen; and the look of agony on his countenance when blows were rained upon him may not be seen; the supplanting of the pleasant smile by the tiger look on the face of the coon may not be seen. Mayor Fern is inexorable.

And when I get feeling bloody, and want to witness scenes where blood is shed I am going to look up a moving-picture show in which is depicted the delivery on a tray of the head of John the Baptist. If there be none such in town I shall look after the show in which I may ascertain the exact method by which the virgin queen, Elizabeth, accomplished the surgical severance of the beautiful head from the body of her sister Mary. Should my tastes run to brutality I will curb them and confine myself to the scenes I have mentioned.

All honor to the Mayor of Honolulu. All honor to Governor Gillett of California. All honor to the heads of many municipalities who have refused the multitude, the opportunity of seeing how the negro whipped the white man. Reform is in the air and for the time being we must limit our tastes to innocent pastimes like witnessing the decapitation of John and Mary.

THE MORNING FISHMARKET.

The fishmarket has been the subject of many a screed. It is worth all of them, for a more interesting place can not be found in Honolulu. Human nature, in all of its varied phases, may be studied there. The Japanese woman, measuring with care the size and weight of the commodity offered for sale as compared with the size of her purse and her family may be seen. The Hawaiian, less economical perhaps, but as intent on getting a bargain in delicacies, is there. The haole is on hand. People of all nationalities, endeavoring to make both ends meet, may be seen.

But the afternoon scenes at the market have, as I have already said, been often painted, and in a much more picturesque manner than that to which my pen is equal.

The morning, insofar as I remember, has never been noticed. By morning I do not mean the hour we go down to bargain sales and to see the boats leave—but real morning, say from five to six. This is the best part of a summer day, anyway. The mosquitoes have gone to rest, and the automobiles have not commenced running.

It is during this pleasant hour that the market dresses for the day. The stalls are being cleaned, so that the lynx-eyed board of health man can find no fault. The sides of beef and the legs of mutton are being hung on the hooks, or brought in by wagon. The refrigerators are being replenished with ice. The early vegetable man is on hand with his varied assortment. The fruit man is on deck with watermelons and papayas and pears and mangoes.

And there is likewise on hand a perfect babel of tongues. Part Hawaiian, part haole, part Japanese, part Chinese. Fishermen of the Nippon variety have arrived with their catch, and want the best bargain possible. Chinaman from the fishponds have driven to town, and are equally insistent on good prices. Hawaiians who have captured lobsters and eels—the orientals seldom do this—are vending their wares, and, as a rule, selling them for the first figure offered. And all of the bargains and sales are made in a language which, to speak paradoxically, nobody and everybody can understand.

I have said that the Hawaiian gets in with lobsters and eels. But if you want to see this display you must wait until after six o'clock. The orientals are early birds, the Hawaiians are not. The former never have on their calendar too early an hour on which to begin their labors, or too late a one to cease. The latter reverse the order.

The early buyer is likewise on hand. He wants the best the market affords, and carefully watches the baskets as they are unloaded, and the beef and mutton and pork as they are hung and displayed, and feels and smells and at times tests in other ways the viands offered for sale.

Set your alarm clock for four-thirty some morning, take a constitutional walk before breakfast, and in addition to a good appetite you may acquire knowledge.

TOWING COLLIER TO
BE TRIED OUT TODAY

Orders for a trial trip today of the auxiliary steamer Prometheus were issued yesterday by Capt. Hugh Rodman, senior officer in command of the squadron consisting of the cruisers Cleveland and Chattanooga. The collier will be at sea four or five hours, and upon her return she will be anchored outside the harbor until tomorrow morning, when the three vessels will start for San Francisco.

Chief Engineers Beeher of the Cleveland and Stover of the Chattanooga, and Chief Machinist Muga of the

Chattanooga will accompany the engineer of the collier on the trip. Before starting on the test trip the engineers will have the engines of the collier moved slowly in order to see that the repairs made in a local machine shop are complete.

Barring unexpected delays the ship will start Saturday morning, the Cleveland acting as convoy. Captain Rodman believes the little squadron will be able to reach San Francisco in fourteen days. Neither of the ships is in first-rate seagoing condition.

The dropping of these oldtime ships from the service is due to a lack of freight offerings. The big steam freighters are securing nearly all the patronage.